UP MY ASS

$15

STARRING CORY ADAMS • TONY KIDD • LANCE WHITMAN

EXCERPTS FROM THE WILLIAM HIGGINS FILM,
COUSINS

ALL COLOR

ALL MALE
ENTERTAINMENT

XXX RATED

FROM WILLIAM HIGGINS
CALIFORNIA

When a rich friend asked Cory Adams to look after his San Francisco mansion while he was in Europe, the house-sitting chores also included taking care of the help. And neither house-sitter nor housecleaners Tony Kidd and Lance Whitman will ever be the same again!

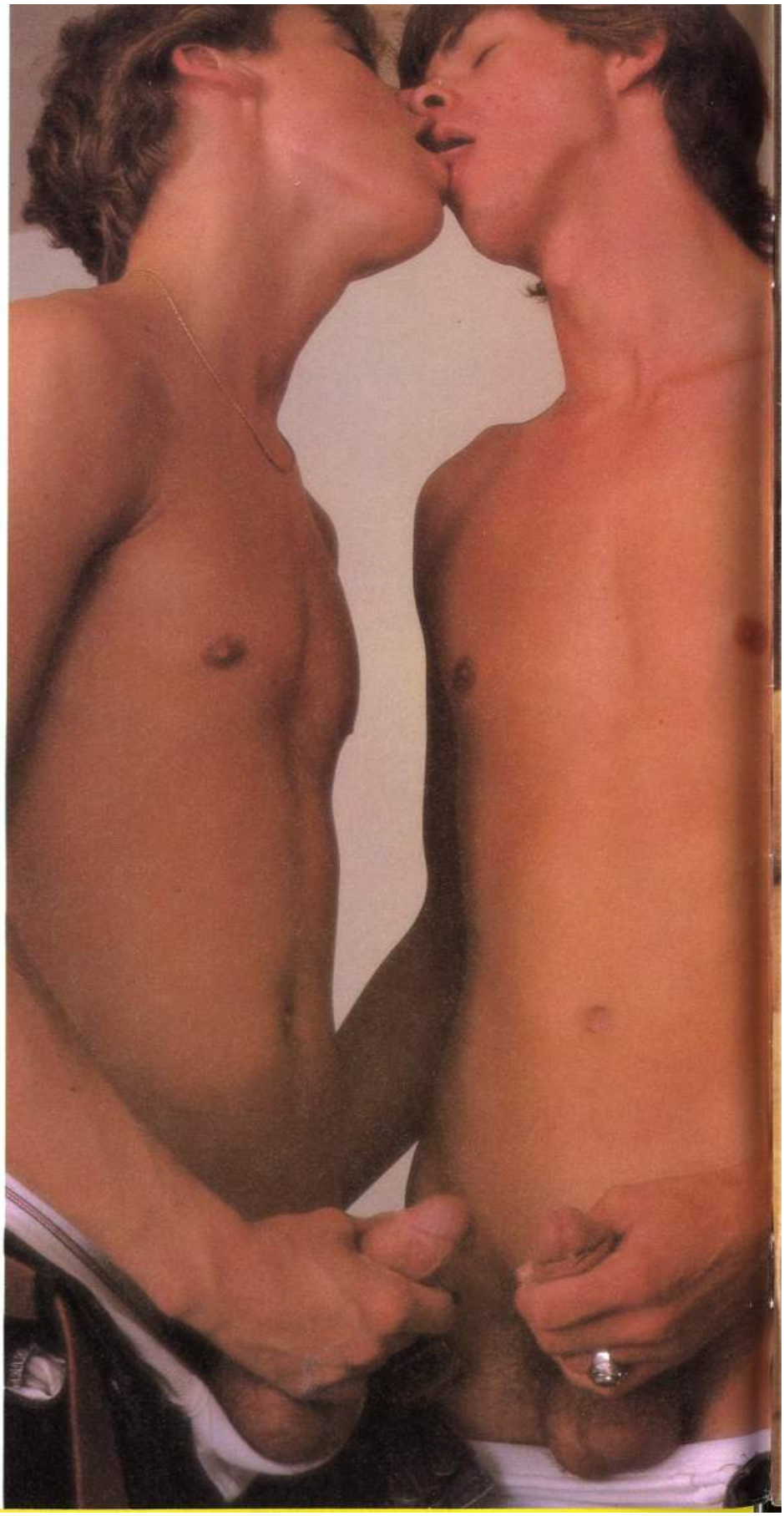
It all happened one Friday evening when Tony and Lance were finishing up their weekly cleaning chores and 20-year-old Cory arrived after his college classes to pay them for the work.

Now horny-as-hell Cory has never been known as one to pass up a golden opportunity, in or out of bed, and when he laid eyes on the two hot young housecleaners, he saw an opportunity simply too good to let slip by.

Dark-haired Lance Whitman was no more a slouch in the looks department than his cleaning partner Tony Kidd. Both of them were young, hard-bodied and hung. And certainly not against a good roll in the hay whenever their access-to-bedroom chores provided the opportunity. Far be it from them to turn down an invitation to fuck by an incredibly hot little stud like blond, blue-eyed Cory Adams!

It was close to 5 p.m. and getting dark in The City when Cory showed up after his last afternoon class. The whole week had been a bitch at school and had built up a frustration load in Cory's balls that gave him an aching hardon the whole way home. Thank god it was Friday, Cory thought, because he wanted to tie one on and get it off before the night was done. He knew he had to be home before 5 to pay the housecleaners, and then, his last obligation of the week over, he planned to get loaded and go out on the town.

The week had been just as rough for Lance and Tony. A dawn-to-dusk schedule, complaining customers and just plain old hard work had taken its toll. They were tired and ready to call it a week as soon as they were paid for this last job. Both of them were tense and horny, and in desperate need of some real sexual healing.



The three of them had never met before. Cory only knew he was to pay the two guys who come to clean the house every Friday and Tony and Lance only knew that some college kid was taking care of the place while the owner was away and would pay them at the end of the day. When they finally met face-to-face, all three of them were surprised and undoubtedly pleased.

For Cory it was a real kick being in charge of a household. And he wanted to relish the feeling. Besides, these guys were hot young studs with a hungry look, and . . . well, Cory figured nothing ventured, nothing gained. He paid them their fees and as he watched them get their gear together, he decided to go for broke.

"Are you guys through for the day?" he asked. They said they were and glad of it. "Well, then how about joining me for a cocktail? I don't know about you two, but it's been one helluva week for me, and I deserve one!" With that, Cory headed off for the bar in the den, hoping he hadn't shocked them too much.

The offer must have caught Lance and Tony by surprise, because for a moment or two they just sort of stood in the hall with their mouths agape. It wasn't usual for their customers to be sociable with them . . . polite, yes . . . but not sociable. But they knew the boss was in Europe, the house was empty except for the stud who'd just offered them a drink, and after all, it was Friday. They looked at each other to make sure the desire was mutual and, seeing that it was, headed for the den.

When Cory saw them entering the room, he was, to say the least, relieved. He wasn't sure if he was out of line offering them a drink, and now he felt much better about it. They made small talk about work, San Francisco, and school as Cory fixed a pitcher of martinis, but it was obvious all three of them had their minds on matters below the waist. Close scrutiny would have revealed half-hardons on every one of them, but for awhile, social behavior would be dutifully observed.

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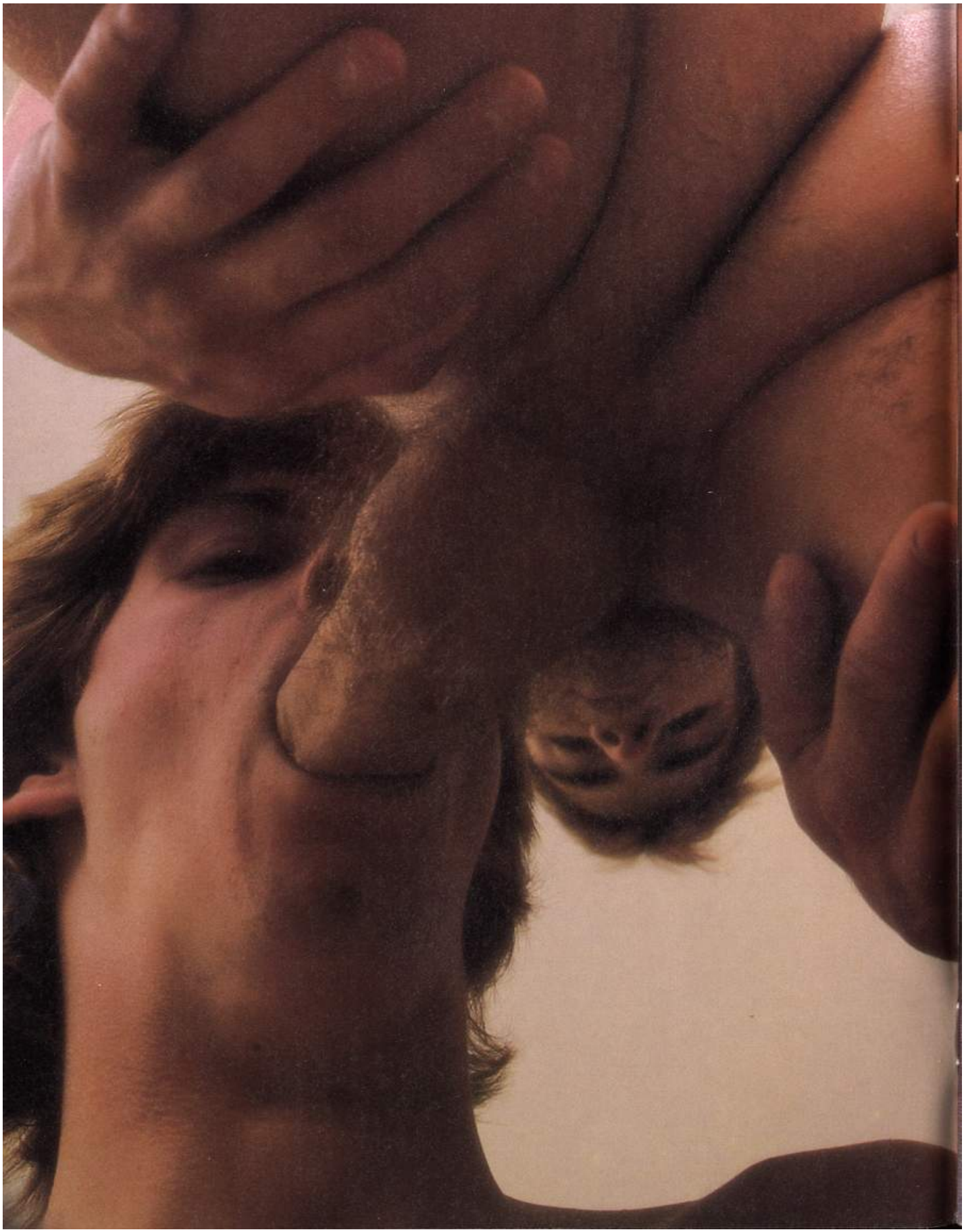
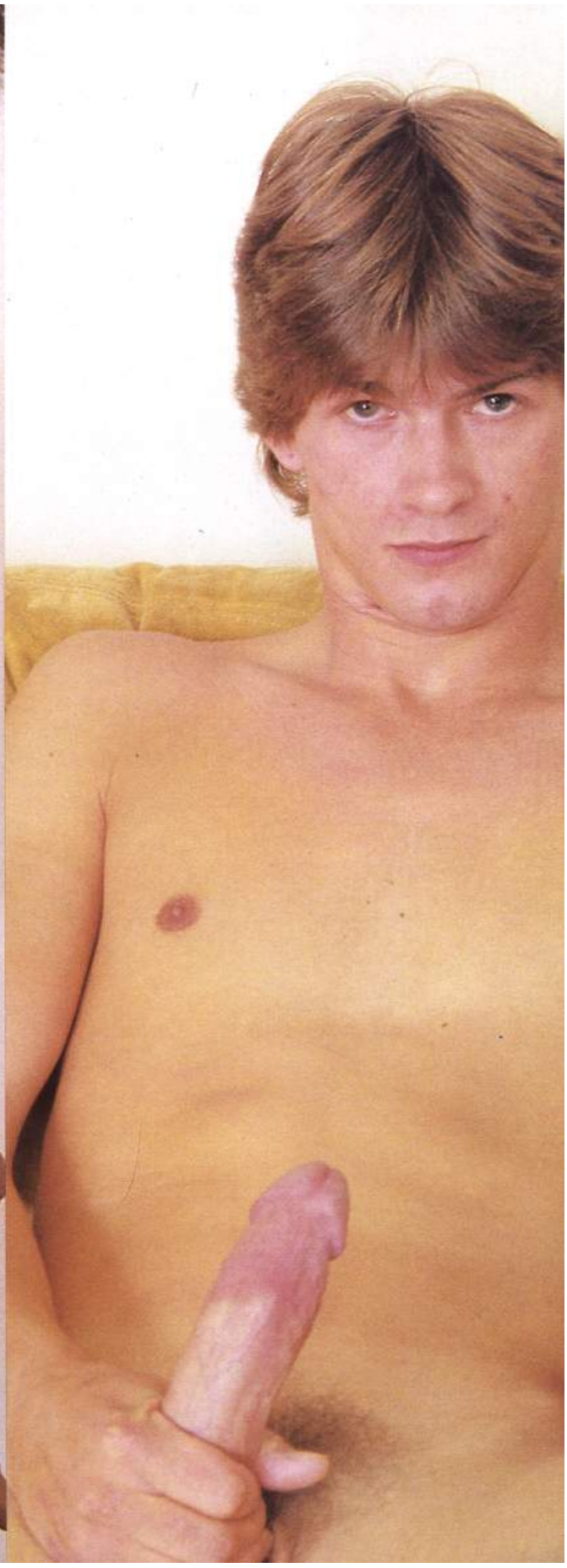
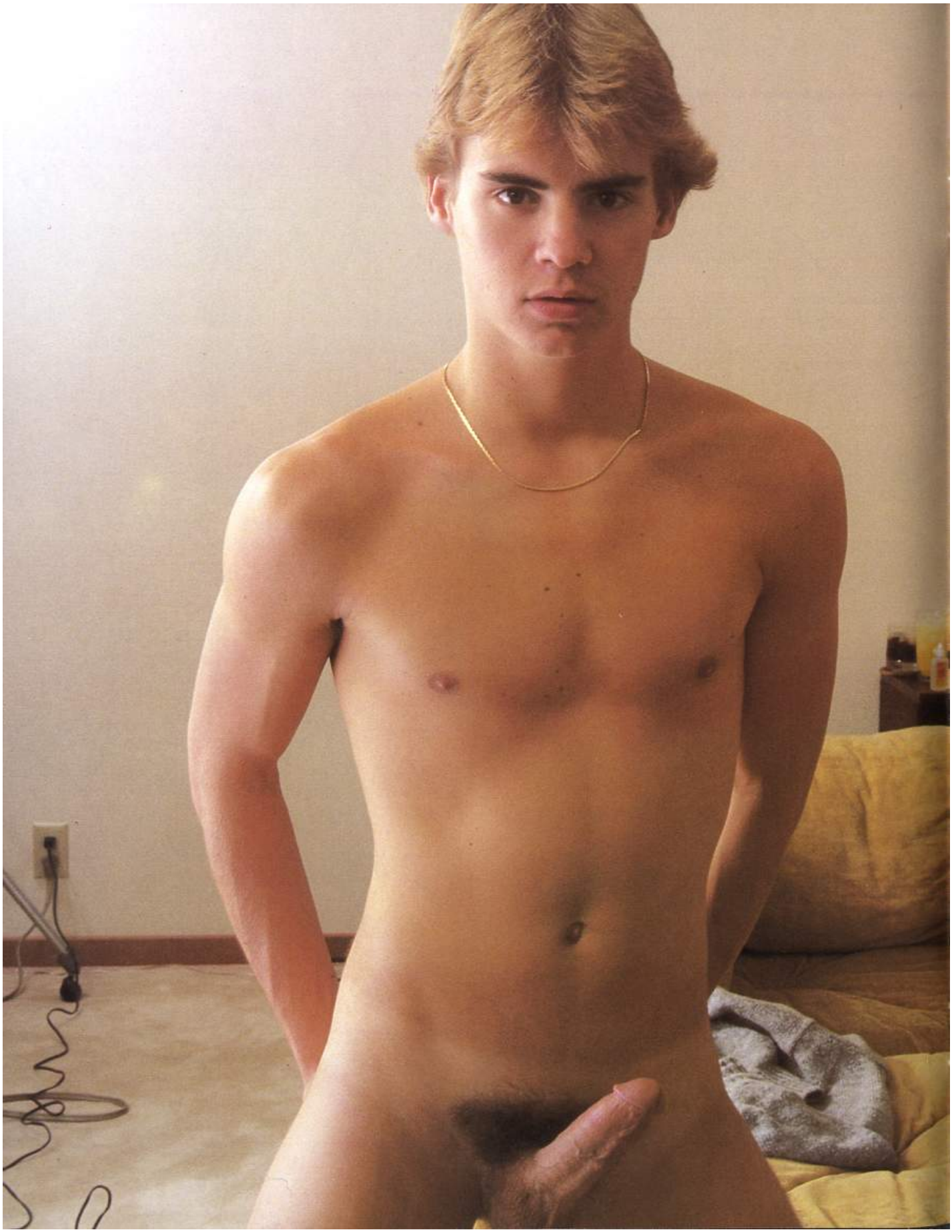






Well, needless to say, the first pitcher of martinis led to the second, and since none of them had eaten much all day, the booze had an immediate effect. It may have been a large, imposing, and proper house, but right now as they got to know each other, it seemed suddenly cozy and comfortable. Particularly in the den, where they made themselves at home on the large sofas.

When the talk came around to Friday night mischief, it was clear all three of them would just as soon party together. "My friend told me to enjoy the place and even have a couple friends over if I wanted to," Cory told them. And with a laugh he added, "besides, if we make a mess you guys are experts at cleaning it up!"

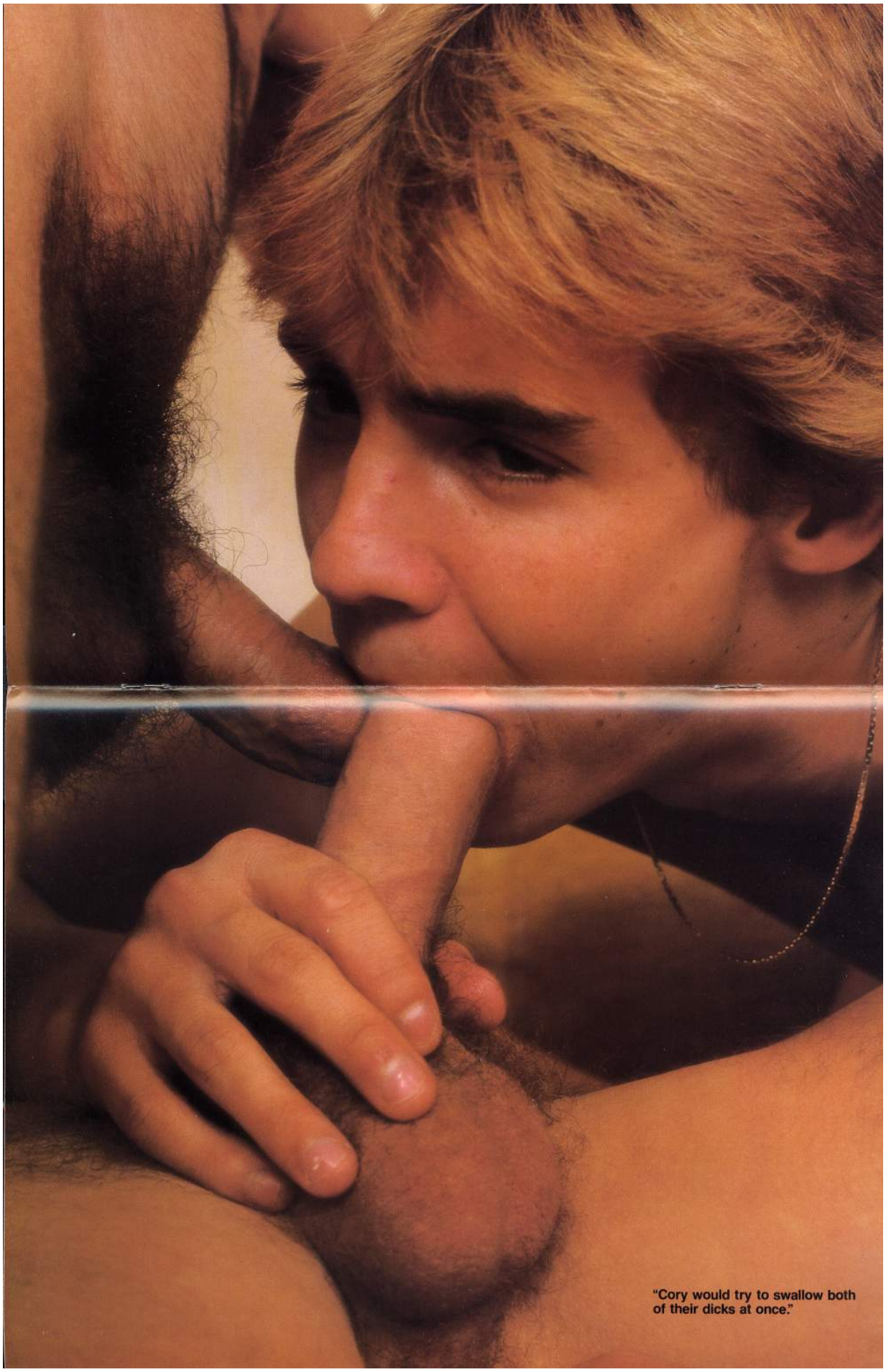
By now their drinks were bottomless and their dicks fully up, and by mutual agreement they decided to get more comfortable. They built a fire, stripped down, and really got to know one another!

They started out slow. While two of them made out, the third would go after the kissers' dicks. Cory would try to swallow both of their dicks at once while Tony and Lance necked, and then Tony would try to take both dicks while Cory and Lance made out. And when their mouths wouldn't stretch any more, they daisy-chained it for awhile, all three of them linked dick-to-mouth.

There was no fear of anyone climaxing too soon because they'd already laid out the ground rules over the last pitcherful of martinis. Since they were all just as horny after saving it up all week long, and any one of them could pop his nuts before his time, they'd made an agreement to stop all activity, period, whenever one of them gave the panic signal. And the signal was given by all three of them more than once in the suck-fest that followed!

But finally the sucking proved to be too much. The signals were causing so many stops and starts that they didn't know whether they were coming or going. It was then that they decided to move on to other things.

The head of the household was elected to go first, and Cory didn't object much when that decision was made. Tony got the blond stud down on the couch with his legs in the air and started things off with a bang. As he laid into Cory's perfectly smooth ass-cheeks, Lance got up over Cory's face and gave him another eight inches down the throat. They took turns working on both ends of their host, fucking for awhile and then switching positions to get sucked while the other fucked. Needless to say, Cory was in seventh heaven, with eight inches up his tight butthole and eight inches down his hungry throat at all times.



"Cory would try to swallow both of their dicks at once."

But that was nothing compared to the double-fucking and sandwich-fucking to come! When a brief rest was called due to eminent climax, they all had another drink to get them even more relaxed, not that it was needed.

Pretty soon they were right back on each other. Cory figured it was his turn to fuck, and he got Tony into a standing-up position on the couch, turned him around, and went after what was rightfully his. But while he was screwing Tony in that position, the sight of Cory's baby-smooth, fuckable asscheeks in action proved to be too much for Lance. He simply got up behind those piston-charged buns and made his way back into Cory's already-primed fuckhole.

It was some sight, all right, with Cory caught up in the middle of a sandwich fuck with Tony impaled on his dick and Lance impaling him from behind! Cory'd never done this before, but he knew he liked what it was doing to him.

The sandwich fuck went on until it was time to pull up short, and it was then that Tony nearly stopped the show by sitting on both Cory's and Lance's dicks at the same time! Cory and Lance laid down on opposite ends of the couch and scooted up together so that their balls and dicks met. Then Tony got over them and slowly lowered his ass downward.

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"Tony got the blond stud down on the couch with his legs in the air..."

They all figured this would be a nearly impossible task without poppers and loads of grease, but Tony proved otherwise as he proceeded to take both rockhard dicks into his puckered fuckhole at once. He wasn't able to take all 16 back-to-back inches, but he sure as hell took more than the swollen cockheads up his hungry ass!

The whole thing was too overwhelming for Tony to control. The double-thick fuck suddenly took him past the point of no return and he couldn't hold it any longer. "Shit!" he said, and without warning was shooting all over his stomach. As spurt after spurt of hot white jism flowed from his dick, his stretched ass muscles squeezed the two cocks buried inside him with such force that Lance and Cory thought their dicks would be cut in half.

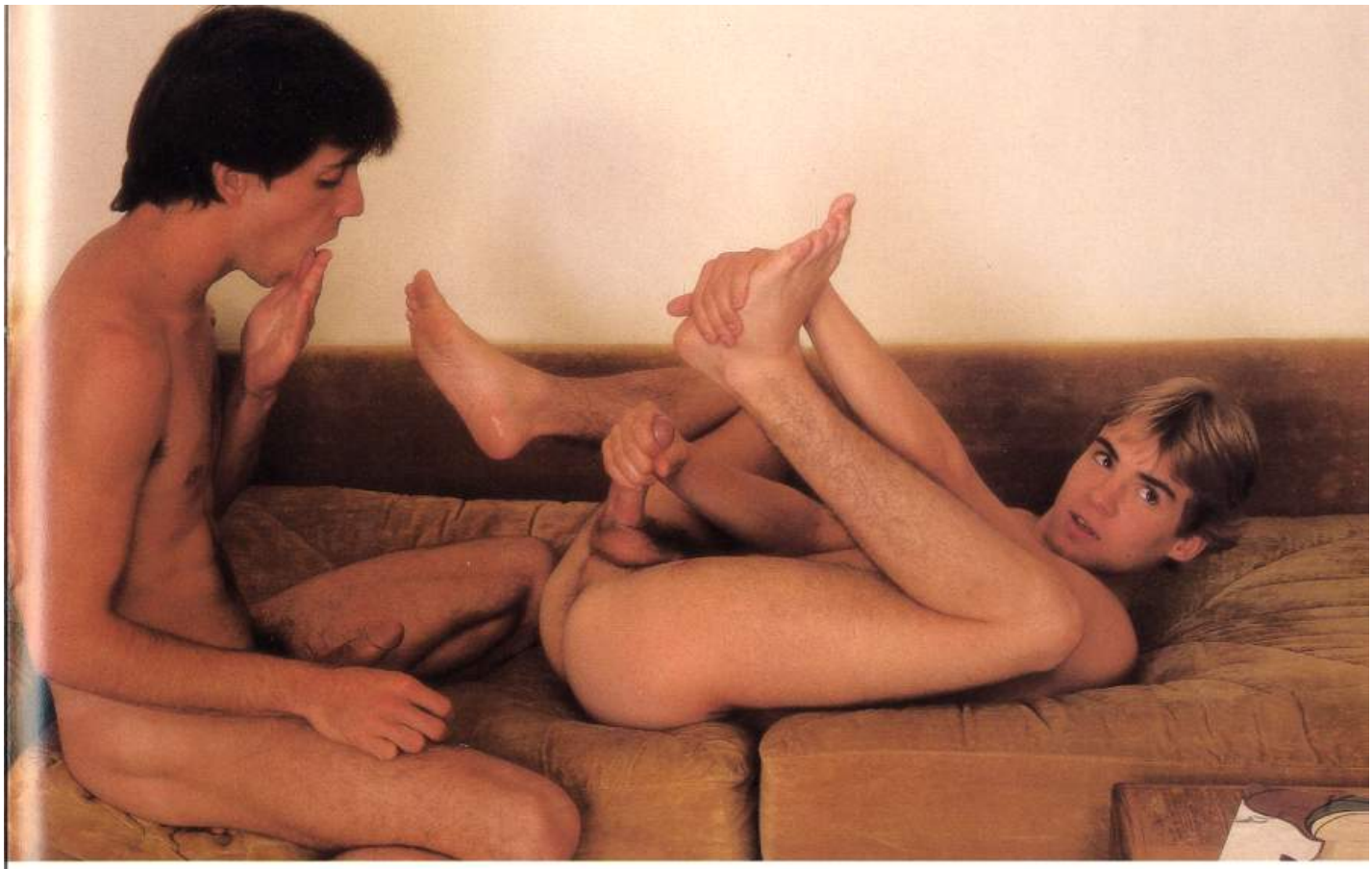
When Tony's uncontrollable spasms stopped, he maneuvered his butt off the two vein-engorged cocks, which now stood together on their own, as if waiting for the next hot hole to envelope them as the last had done.

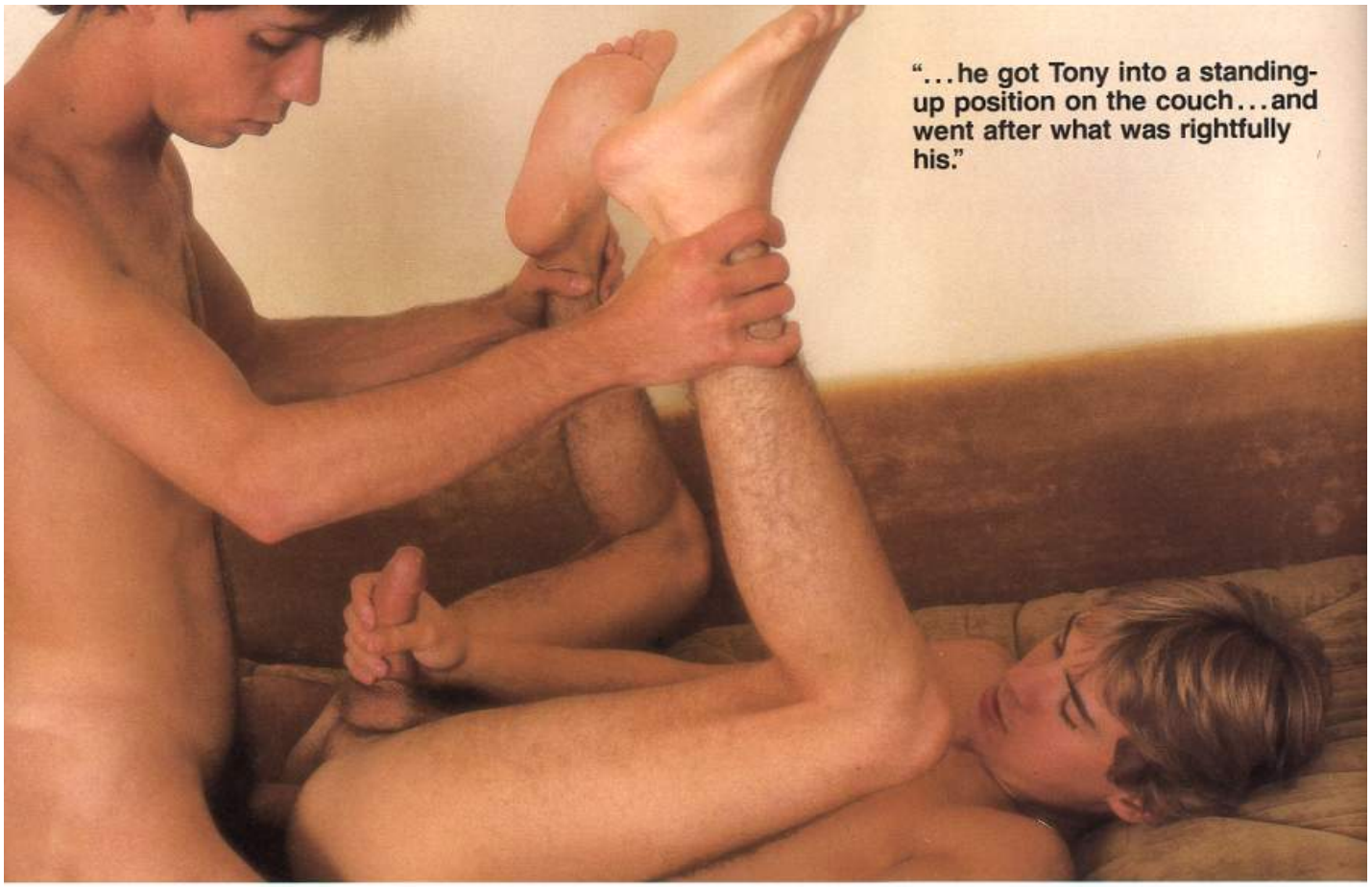
Now, with one of the threesome satisfied and spent, Lance and Cory decided it was time for them to let their own pent-up loads go. They'd been ready to pop during the entire double-fuck, but had purposely held back so that Tony could get off before their hardons faltered. But at last they now could relieve the tensions they'd built up all week long and especially during the last couple of no-holes-barred hours.

They'd had enough fucking and sucking for one day, and both Lance and Cory knew they were so close anyway that anything more than a quick handjob would have been anti-climactic. So with Tony looking on, the two of them took their throbbing dicks in hand and with no more than a couple of quick jerks brought their own loads up and out.

The twin eruptions were so simultaneous and tremendous that the initial double-whammy shots made their bodies jerk and nearly hit Tony as he sat nearby. The hot lava flows that followed coated both back-to-back dicks and still ran down over their balls and the insides of their thighs. They had their eyes closed, but Tony's were wide as saucers as he watched the unbelievable loads that might very well have coated his insides.

When it was all over and Lance and Cory milked the last drops from their still-hard dicks, the three of them took showers, dressed and had one for the road. "Do you guys make housecalls on the weekend?" Cory wanted to know. "We don't work weekends," Lance said, "but we make housecalls." It was going to be a long, long weekend.





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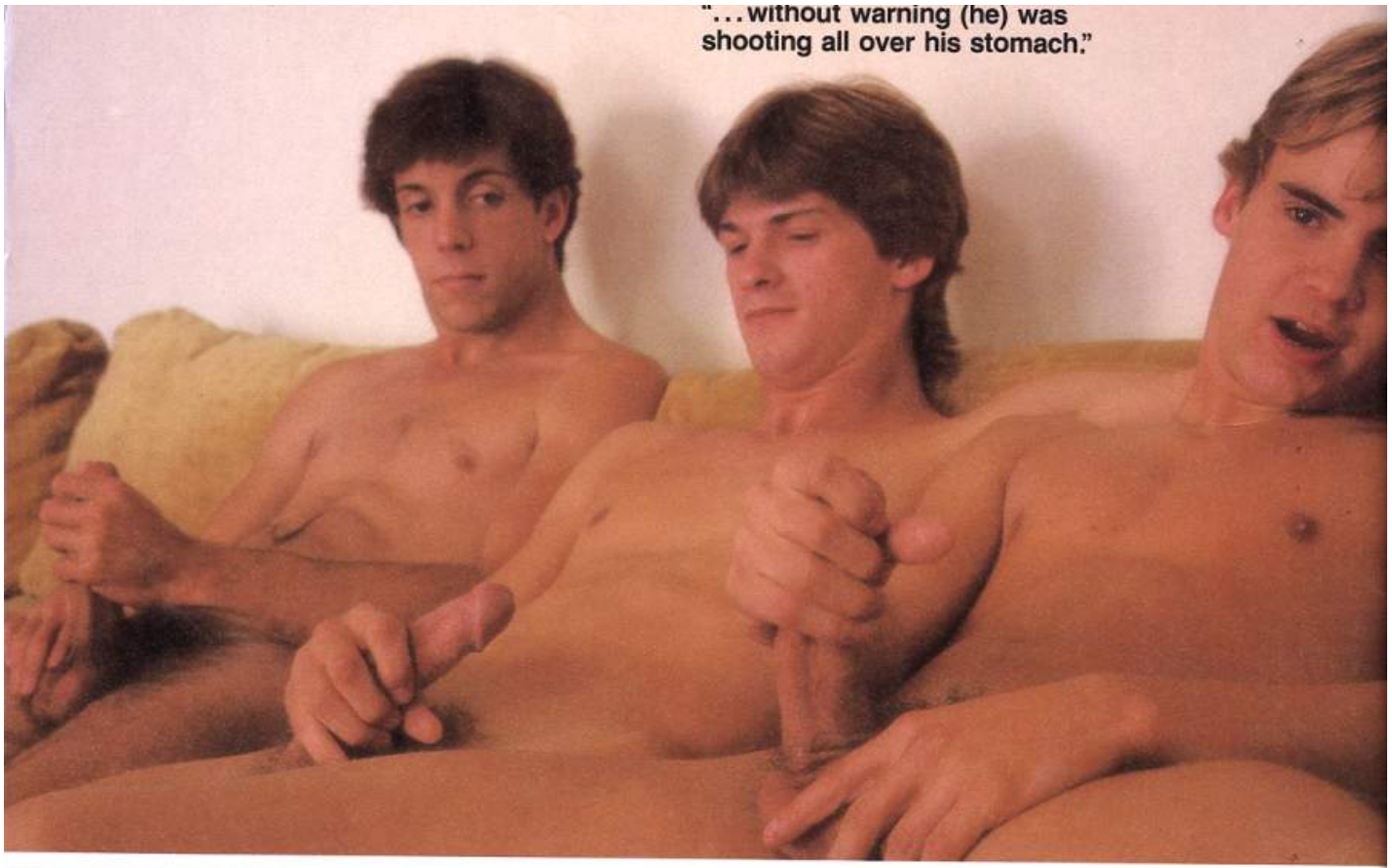

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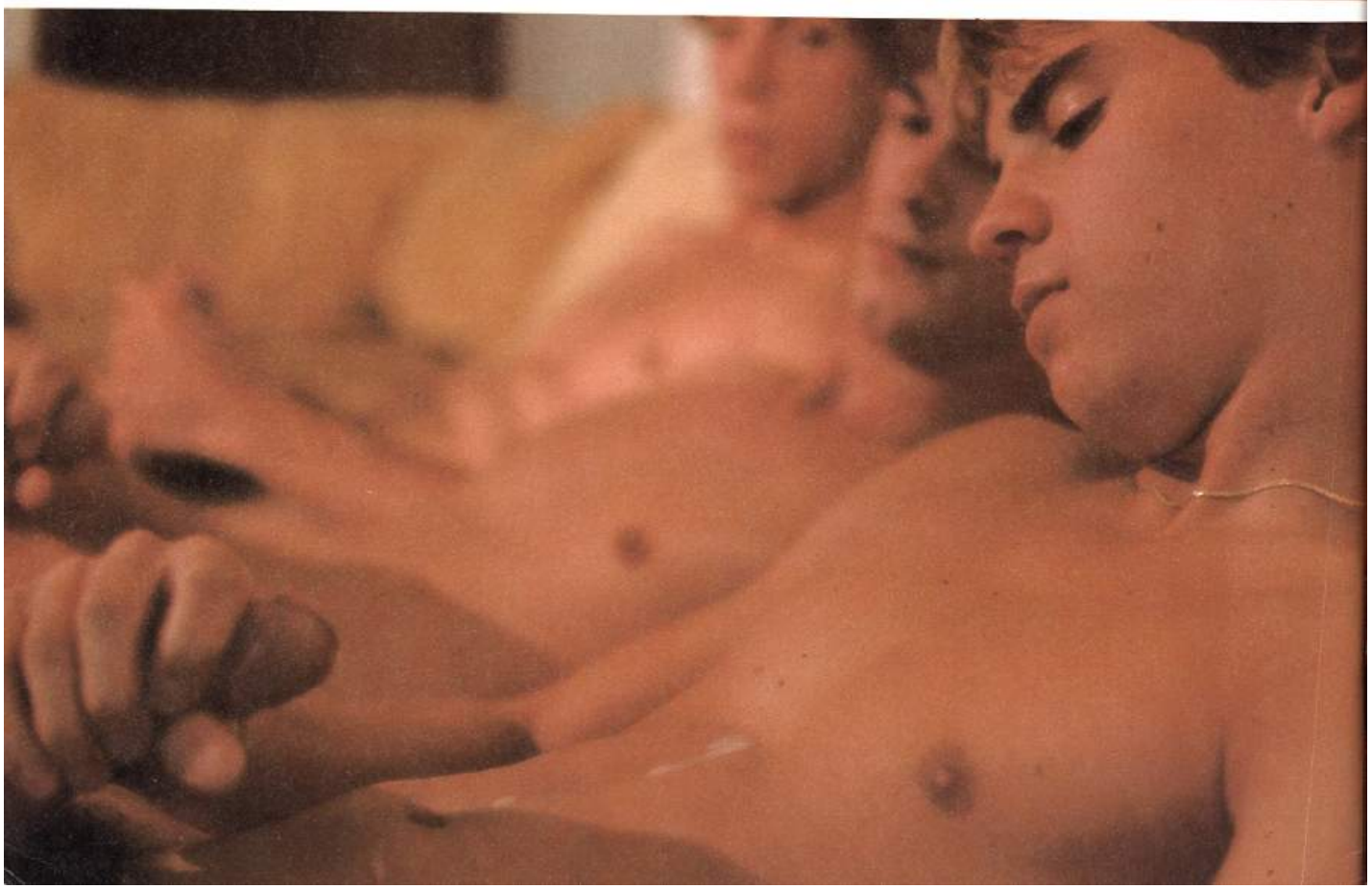

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